This time different

My tires taut with new air
caffeine flooding my veins
tonight I will drive fast to my mother’s
& this time it will be different
her whole body will greet me,
hug & press me close,
my woman’s breasts to her woman’s breasts
arms around each other like God’s grace
nothing between us but love
I will show her my father poems,
all of them
we’ll cry our duet of grief & longing
like blood brothers, reunited at last
then at the piano
shoulder to shoulder
stouthearted comrades in arms
we’ll play La Berceuse
I will be Primo because I can
the pyrotechnics are mine
but she will be the essential
the hand that,
because she is, was, and ever shall be
the Secundo down below,
the underneath my fire can dance on
secure & forever.

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